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THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



WHAT THE POST BROUGHT.

MR. DAVID WADDLE'S SPECULATIONS.

CHAPTER I.—MR. DAVID WADDLE AT HOME.

MR. DAVID WADDLE stood in his breakfast-parlour with his hands to his back, and his back to the fire, meditatively contemplating the toes of his yellow wool-tipped slippers, the while slowly turning them up and down after the manner of those whose minds are in perfect equipoise. The parlour, though small, was unmistakably neat, clean, and

comfortable; the fire was in that state of perfectness when the coals amalgamate into one red glow without a fierce flame; the brown japanned urn stood gently hissing and puffing before the open expectant teapot, like a small locomotive, as it was, waiting to take you away to breakfast-land; the buttered toast was safely garnered inside the fender, and a savoury smell of bacon-to-come pervaded the house. Altogether, it was the most comfortable place, and the most comfortable hour of the day for any one to in-

dulge in quiet thinking—when the annoyances of yesterday have been buried in a sound sleep, and the engagements of to-day have not yet fastened themselves upon the mind and heart.

Say what you like about southern climates, scenery, and classical associations, for real substantial home comfort there is no place like Old England, even in mid-winter. It is all very well to speak of a cloudless azure sky, of the tideless waters of the Mediterranean, of feather-topped palms, scented lemon groves, and sombre olive yards. But wait till the sun goes down, and the house feels cold and cheerless; and the doors creak, and there is not a comfortable chair to sit on; while the beef is hard and the mutton detestable, and the chickens have ever so many legs in excess of their wings, and the company around is queer, and—in short, take all the year round, and one longs for English comfort and fire-side enjoyment. How many an ambitious wife has bitterly rued the day she persuaded her husband on retiring from business to undertake a foreign tour, when, the heavy stone once set in motion, it has rolled on for long years, dragging her with it, through dreary towns, comfortless hotels, and endless shows and galleries, till the dull monotony of it had settled upon her with such a feeling of despair, that she could willingly have given up all for a small cottage in a most out-of-the-way corner of her native country, so that she could again have heard home voices, and known *home*, with its joys, its work, and its rest!

To be sure, this is a very prosaic version of the delights of sunny France and classic Italy. But then it must be admitted that the hero of this story, Mr. David Waddle, was a very prosaic man, lived in a very prosaic little town, and had till very lately been engaged in what perhaps offers least material from which fancy may form her wings—the trade of a tanner. Mr. Waddle had now retired from business on what for many years was the goal of his ambition—£300 a year and a neat, trim cottage, with “walled garden attached.” The “premises,” as he would persist in calling them, were small, but as Mr. Waddle truly though somewhat ungrammatically remarked: “There is only us three—me, the mistress, and ‘Pussy.’” Not that there had been any special reason for Mr. Waddle’s retirement. The business was steady and thriving; and he himself a hale, healthy man, scarcely beyond middle age. His figure, as it showed in his comfortable grey tweed suit, was just beginning to tend towards obesity, and the top of his head, though bald, had as yet reached neither the florid nor the shiny state, but was still pale and modestly unobtrusive. But though Mr. David Waddle had climbed the utmost height, toward which, in long years of patient toil, he had striven; and although, as we have seen, he was just then in circumstances most conducive to inward self-relaxation, to judge from his face he was not *quite* at rest. Every now and then a passing cloud seemed to darken his brow, and however often banished, it would come back, apparently more frequently as the minutes seemed to drag on their slow length. Neither “the mistress” nor “Pussy” had yet come down to breakfast, and Mr. Waddle moved slowly to the window. It was a bright frosty March morning. The thin snow lay white and crisp on the little plot that separated the cottage from the hard, shiny road, which the keen east wind had mostly swept clear. The frost lay on the window-panes in

curious patterns of leaves, and ferns, and branches, as if, in her exuberance, nature, even with stiffened hand, could not but trace these forms of beauty and of life. But Mr. Waddle noticed none of these things, not even the robins that prematurely pecked for their customary crumbs. Mr. Waddle looked up the road and down the road, but no one appeared in sight, and he returned to his former position before the fire.

Just then a patterning of feet on the stairs, first slow, and next with a sort of merry run, announced the successive advent of the rest of the household. Mrs. Waddle was what you would call a comely woman. The truthfulness of her nature shone out of her clear grey eyes, and the kindness of her heart beamed from her every feature. As she appeared within the door, and quietly took her place to make the necessary preparations for breakfast, the cloud that had again gathered on Mr. Waddle’s brow seemed visibly to float away, and to leave it serene. But the bright sunshine broke over his whole face, and left him all aglow, when “Pussy” came in, and with a bound made for Mr. David Waddle himself, and taking her father by both shoulders successively, kissed him on each cheek, before she bent down to warm her little hands at the fire. And certainly to look at Kate, or “Pussy,” as she had been called from her babyhood, was sufficient to kindle the light on the face of a sterner parent than Mr. David Waddle. She was the pride of their hearts and the delight of their eyes. She had never given them an hour’s uneasiness, except it were when she had the hooping-cough, the chicken-pox, or the measles. Now that she was bursting into womanhood, she was as good and sweet as she was pretty and attractive. No one could help liking Kate. The most grumbling of old women in her district always dismissed her with a smile, even when she had come without the anticipated *quotum* of propitiatory tea. The naughtiest children in the Sunday-school were regularly put into her class, and learned to sit still, at least for the time. Nay, the most critical among the spinsters of Greenwood had nothing to say against her. To look at Kate you might almost have wondered how this slight, perhaps too slight and fragile girl, should have been the child of Mr. and Mrs. Waddle. Not that she was exactly handsome or beautiful, only her face and her ways were so delicately “winsome.” She had light hair, a very fine complexion, eyes grey and soft, a small mouth, around which a bright smile mostly played, a nose just the least bit upturned, a pretty little chin, and a soft musical voice. Yet, if you looked more closely at her, there was a decided likeness to her mother; only not to the good, comfortable Mrs. Waddle who sat there, but, as it were, to an idea or archetypal Mrs. Waddle, of which the present owner of that name might be regarded simply as a sort of plaster-of-paris cast, made in a preparatory way.

Under such influence, it is scarcely to be wondered at that breakfast proceeded without any return of the cloud to Mr. Waddle’s brow. The meal was almost over, when a figure, rapidly passing the window, caused the two ladies to exchange anxious, troubled looks. Mr. Waddle sat with his back to the light, happily unconscious of events in the outside world. He was just in the act of lifting to his mouth a most promising piece of buttered toast, when a double knock at the front door caused the

tempting morsel to descend again with alarming rapidity. In a moment Mr. Waddle's face had changed expression; it was not now indicative of trouble, but of eager—almost hungry—expectancy. The two ladies tried their best to seem unconcerned, and of a sudden to plunge into a most absorbing conversation, but the attempt, as most under similar circumstances, signally failed. For two or three minutes, which to them seemed an age, Mr. Waddle had been looking from his wife to his daughter, and from his daughter to his wife. At length he demanded, in a tone to which they had been little accustomed,—

"What is the meaning of all this, Ann? Why are my letters not brought in?"

"I thought," interposed Mrs. Waddle, meekly, "that you would like to have prayers first, David, as formerly, when you would not allow any business to come in till—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mr. Waddle, angrily; then, seeing the colour mount to his daughter's cheeks, he so far checked his rising mood as to resume more quietly, though none the less determinately, "Women understand nothing about business. There must be no meddling, Ann." Then, after a short pause—"Catherine, bring the letters."

Now it should be noted that this was a mode of appellation in which "Pussy" had never heard herself addressed, except on one or two occasions within the last three weeks. No wonder, then, that the tears came to "Pussy's" eyes, though she strove hard to hide it, as she rose to obey her father's behest. Perhaps he had observed it; at any rate, he greeted her return with a kindly look and a "Thank you, dearie."

Kate had brought her father three legal-looking documents and a newspaper, all addressed in a large business hand to "David Waddle, Esq., Plum Cottage, Greenwood." But after "Pussy" had deposited these missives before her father, there remained yet another letter in her hand, which, as Mr. Waddle was engaged scanning his paper, she placed quietly, but blushing excessively, between her own teacup and her mother's, from which friendly shelter the latter lady as quietly removed it to her own pocket.

Mr. Waddle did not waste much time over the legal-looking documents or the newspaper; a hasty examination seemed to satisfy him as to their contents. There was now an amount of cheerfulness—even of alacrity—about his movements. He quickly brought a large bundle, apparently composed of similar materials, but all carefully docketed and annotated on the outside in Mr. Waddle's roundest handwriting. The new arrivals were fastened in the large strap which already held together the old friends in their very promiscuous company—though possibly it was not more promiscuous than that which in this world is so often brought together within the tight fastening of the social strap. Mr. Waddle laid the bundle carefully at his feet so as to be within shelter and convenient reach while he conducted prayers.

As Mr. Waddle at the conclusion of prayers picked up his bundle, and left the breakfast-parlour for what he called his "snugger," he gave his wife, in passing, a peculiarly friendly nod. Was Mr. David Waddle, then, heartily sorry for the hasty words he had so needlessly spoken, or did his sudden friendly mood contain much of what, according to certain

moralists, constitutes the chief element in gratitude—a lively sense of favours yet to be asked?

CHAPTER II.—MR. WADDLE MEDITATES GREAT THINGS.

It was more than an hour after breakfast when a low tap at the door recalled Mr. Waddle from his calculations and reveries. He had been busy, *very* busy. Too busy to attend to anything else, his looks seemed to say, as Mrs. Waddle, in her attempt to make her way, threatened to step on some of the legal-looking papers that littered the floor, or to sweep them in her train.

"Have a care, Ann;" and Mr. Waddle, literally bending to the necessity, daintily picked them up, and made room for his wife on a chair, thereby displacing more of the documents. The table before him was similarly occupied, leaving just sufficient free space for a large sheet of paper which Mr. Waddle had covered with calculations, and for two resting-places for his elbows, when, each reckoning completed, he had leant his head between his hands, intently contemplating the result.

Every one knows how unpleasant a prosaic interruption is to the brain busy with inward visions—how, morally speaking, the shock of abruptly coming down to the everyday world must resemble the consequences of the sudden collapse of a balloon in mid-air. And should such shock come to one, though it were through the agency of one so near and dear as the wife of one's bosom, there is, be it said in Mr. David Waddle's interest and that of others, at least some excuse for more than usual sharpness of tone and voice.

"I have been engaged all this morning," resumed Mr. Waddle, as soon as his wife was seated, and answering her looks, which wandered in sad astonishment over the array of spread-out documents—"I have been engaged comparing these investments, to ascertain two things—which of them would yield the highest dividend, and also what shares are likely so to rise in the market as to double or treble one's capital, when one would invest again in another enterprise, and so on. I can tell you, it costs no little thought to choose between them all!" and Mr. Waddle rubbed his forehead, as if he apprehended some permanent furrow had been left on it.

"But David—"

"Stay, stay; I know what you are going to object. That there is doubt or risk attaching to it? Just stop!" Mr. Waddle deftly picked from among the documents a paper, and quickly unfolded it. "This is the current number of 'The Safe Guide to Wealth; or, the Perplexed Capitalist's Confidential Friend.' Only came this morning—couldn't have done without it!"—this by way of apology for the scene at breakfast. "There, listen: 'Since our last issue, those who have honoured us with their confidence will indeed have discovered that we are what we profess, "The Safe Guide to Wealth, and the Perplexed Capitalist's Confidential Friend!"' In our February number we ventured to recommend for IMMEDIATE purchase, "Great Wheal Bang Silver, Gold, and Sulphur Mine," in Paraguay, which runs in the same track as the celebrated Pan-fuddl-run-up, that last year yielded to its happy owners no less than 346 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. on their capital!! The shares of the Great Wheal Bang have since risen from ten shillings paid up to £1, so that any one who a month ago had bought 4,000 shares might now have a snug little capital of £4,000 on which to make further

progress!" Mr. David Waddle here smacked his lips expressively before he continued. "They have since *temporarily* gone down to their original price. We say deliberately "temporarily!" Our emphatic advice is, Buy as fast as you can! We also recommended the newly-discovered Platina Mines in Patagonia, which are started under influential management. We are still of the same opinion. The only miserable objection we have heard against this mine of wealth and wealth of mine, is that, judging from past experience, the natives might eat up the miners sent out from this country. But surely it has not yet come to this, that British enterprise is to be checked by such difficulties! We believe in the progress of civilisation, and we expect that if this mine is—'"

Mr. Waddle paused to watch the effect of his reading. Discovering nothing but blank astonishment on the face of his wife, he continued, "Now don't think they give you only one side. See how they warn people against foolish risks—'On the other hand, we cautioned our friends against various schemes now afloat.' Now," demanded Mr. Waddle, "what say you to that, Ann? Would you not put implicit confidence in those people?"

Thus recalled from the unknown regions of speculation to that on which her common sense enabled her to judge, Mrs. Waddle had no hesitation in replying. Lifting her truthful eyes to his flushed face, she said, slowly and distinctly, "I would have no confidence whatever in them, David."

"No confidence in them after that!" and Mr. Waddle slapped the "Safe Guide to Wealth."

"I understand nothing about business," continued Mrs. Waddle, not heeding the interruption; "but if it is so easy to get rich, and if these people know all about it, why don't they become rich themselves instead of sending out these circulars?"

That was a puzzle! Mr. Waddle gave himself a hitch back on his chair, and scratched his pate for a solution. Yet, to do him justice, the same difficulty had more than once perplexed himself; but it would not have done to have given way on such a secondary point.

"Graham tells me—" he commenced,

"What! Peter Graham? What can *he* know?"

Mr. Waddle was getting angry. "Graham *does* know; he has had great experience, and is doing an enormous business in stocks. He tells me it is not proper for agents to invest on their own account, and that explains it all. I am much obliged to Graham, for he clearly proved to me how every person ought to make three, if not four, dividends on his money every year."

"I thought there were only two halves to each year?"

"Of course; but this is the way. You get your dividend from one thing—say in January. Down goes the thing. Well, you wait till it comes up again; then you sell and buy another thing, which pays another dividend—say in April. That is two! Down goes the thing, up it comes again; you sell, you buy another thing for July—that is a third dividend! You do the same for October—that is a fourth! and so you have four dividends instead of two in the year, and our £300 a year would at once become £600. Eh! wouldn't you like that?"

"Surely, David, you would not risk what we have to live upon—we and 'Pussy'?" She said this in a tone of such real alarm that Mr. David Waddle's

conscience—never very easy on the matter—began to prick and to smite him.

"Tut! never thought of such a thing."

"Then what do you mean to speculate with, or to invest?"

All unwittingly, poor Mrs. Waddle had just led up to the subject on which, of all others, Mr. Waddle most wished to speak to his wife, and which yet he most dreaded to approach. But the claims of truthfulness are paramount, and there are those who can discover even the leadings of Providence in any opportunity that offers for carrying out their own pet schemes. So Mr. Waddle put on the boldest yet kindest face he could.

" You know, my dear, there is your Uncle Nicoll's legacy of £2,000. They have kept us out of it as long as they could—the full year the law allowed them—but now it has been lying idle in the Greenwood Bank these three weeks—"

Mr. Waddle paused for his wife's reply, but her utterance was checked. All that for the last few years had been the burden and sorrow of her heart fell upon it with cruel weight. When, thirty-five years before, she had begun, to use the country phrase, "to keep company" with David, she was a blooming lassie of twenty, and he a strapping hard-working lad of nearly the same age. Ann Nicoll (for such had been her maiden name) had been left an orphan, and was tolerated as the drudge, with hands or head, as occasion might require, in the house of a distant relative. David Waddle was foreman in the tannery, to which afterwards he succeeded. At that

tannery, to which afterwards he succeeded. At that time, which was close upon the period when the two married, the income of the couple amounted to just £60 a year, with a dwelling attached to the tannery. Very improvident to marry on such a provision! So thought Ann Nicoll's distant connection—or, at least, very inconvenient. Accordingly a report had been sent to Ann's two uncles, who had just commenced business in London, sufficiently unfavourable to affect the much-hoped-for wedding-present. Would it be a dozen horse-hair chairs, or a sofa, or even a side-board? It was neither one nor the other, but a long letter, in which the incipient broker brothers severally and jointly "washed their hands" with invisible moral soap of all the possible stains with which their niece's folly might have defiled them, and then withdrew their so-cleansed hands into the appropriate receptacle of their own pockets. But neither David nor Ann were more than temporarily disappointed or discouraged; they worked all the harder, and loved each other all the better, that they must be all in all to each other. No, not all in all, for the two had resolved, come what might, they would not neglect the soul's concerns. So they had on the day of their marriage reared their family altar, and kept on, through good report and through evil report, in joy and in sorrow, with God's light of love shining into their hearts and upon their path. He had given them several children and taken them away again; and they had joyed and wept, yet not without joying, when they laid their treasures in safe keeping. At last "Pussy" had been given, and remained to them to be the darling of their hearts, the centre of their aims and thoughts. Then, after many long years of hard toil, better times had come; David took up his former master's business and thrived in it. Somehow the Uncles Nicoll must have heard of it; at any rate, ever afterwards there came on New Year's Day a Christmas card for Mrs. Waddle with "Andrew

Nicoll's best wishes." At last Andrew Nicoll himself arrived one day—not directly at their house, but at the hotel in Greenwood, to spend the afternoon with them. He was very reserved and very still, but evidently well pleased with "Pussy," and, what Mrs. Waddle appreciated still more, he was respectful towards her husband. Poor Andrew Nicoll! With that presentiment which men sometimes have of their approaching end, he was visiting what few relatives were still left him, although he had neglected them during all his busy life. His next expedition was to the widow of a brother of his own, to whom the two London brokers had long made a scanty allowance, on which she had managed to bring up and educate her son James, now a youth about five years older than "Pussy." A close and most loving intercourse had been kept up between the widow and the Waddles, which led to frequent visits, and an intimacy between James and "Pussy," like that of brother and sister, dating from their childhood. A year more, and Andrew Nicoll was laid in his grave, and soon afterwards also the widow. When Andrew Nicoll's will was examined, it was found that while he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to his brother and partner John, he had left a legacy of £2,000 to Mrs. Waddle, and another of £4000 to his nephew James, with which the latter now intended to commence on his own account in London a business to which he had been trained in his native town.

Now it was this legacy to which Mr. Waddle had so bitterly referred, as kept from him to the utmost term the law would allow, and with which he intended to speculate; and Mrs. Waddle's deep feelings on the subject arose not from any inordinate attachment to or pride in the first money she had ever been able really to call her own, but from quite other causes. So long as the two had striven upwards in poverty and hard toil, no shadow of doubt or misgiving had ever rested on Mrs. Waddle's heart. It was otherwise when success began to attend their work. It was then, and increasingly as they advanced towards it, that Mrs. Waddle became alive to it, how desirable success was, and how rapidly any little help from without, like a favouring puff of wind in the sails of a ship, would carry one to the longed-for harbour. When she looked at Mr. Waddle, as he nightly returned weary and worn from his work, and still further at "Pussy," as she grew up so pretty and so promising, her heart sadly misgave her. Could it be that she was the obtrusive to the prosperity of those whom most she loved? Like other noble-hearted women of the same calibre, her estimate of her husband was as extravagantly high as that of herself was depreciatory. There was scarcely a position to which, with his talents, energy, and perseverance, he might not have attained. Not that Mr. David Waddle had ever given his wife the faintest cause for suspecting that he had repented his early choice, or would make another if it were now open to him. But none the less, perhaps all the more keenly, did the good woman feel it.

When that unexpected legacy at last came, Mrs. Waddle felt the burden in some measure lifted from her spirit. To add £100 a year to her husband's £300 was a relative position not unsuitable for a wife to occupy. And as for "Pussy," a prospective dowry of £400 a year, not to speak of "the premises and walled garden," constituted a superadded worldly charm, in Mr. Waddle's forcible though figurative language, "not to be sneezed at!" This

money was now, in Mrs. Waddle's opinion, to be frittered and trifled and speculated away! But bitter as the disappointment was, it was not for the loss of the money to themselves and to "Pussy," nor for the sudden dissolving of her short-lived consolation, that she now mourned. The very prospect and planning of these speculations had brought the first jar of discord to their home; it had engrossed and absorbed her husband's mind and heart; it had unfitted him for everything else; it was literally like a worm, eating out the core of his heart's religion; it was becoming a passion, a mania. What would it be when he was once fairly plunged into the vortex, and helplessly whirled about in it? Better, far better, there never had been such legacy left them; better, far better, even labour than such rest. Assuredly, it is in this as in all other matters, that experience best confirms the truth of Scripture. Alike those who feel themselves poor and those who feel themselves rich will be the most ready to echo the inspired sentiment, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

But Mr. Waddle, ignorant of what had been passing through his wife's mind, could not be expected to understand her silence. For a while he stared in her face, and then an ominous frown gathered on his brow.

"Well, Ann, if you cannot trust me with your money—" he commenced, somewhat bitterly.

"Trust you? I would gladly trust you with all I have or love on earth, and a thousand times more, if I had it; but—"

Mrs. Waddle could not finish her sentence. That she, who of all things in life had longed to be able to give something to her husband, should be suspected of unwillingness to entrust that paltry money to his keeping! The tears started to her eyes. Mrs. Waddle had never been addicted to scenes. Probably her husband had not seen her weeping, except for joy, since they had stood side by side at the grave of their last buried child. Nor had the demon of—what shall we call it?—not covetousness, but gambling and wealth-hunger, as yet so fastened upon the man as to hold him in permanent and absolute sway. Mr. David Waddle put his arm round his wife's neck, and pressed her to his heart.

"There now, Ann, I didn't mean it. I am afraid I am a little hasty. I know you are the best and most loving of wives; and you and I trust each other just as much as we did when, thirty odd years ago, we began life together—don't we? And you and I love each other just as much as then—don't we?"

What manner of answer Mrs. Waddle made to these interrogations it were highly unbecoming in the present writer to disclose. Suffice it to have put down one of the longest and strongest speeches Mr. Waddle was ever known to have made since the day of his marriage, and to add that sweetest music never fell with such grateful soothing on the ear as did her husband's words upon Mrs. Waddle's heart.

And so there was once more a truce; and so Mrs. Waddle had given her consent to her husband's employing her £2,000 in speculation.

Yet, after all, Mrs. Waddle had not even approached the subject on which she had originally come to speak. But it must be done, and the present seemed of all others the most propitious moment.

"David!"

Mr. Waddle looked up from the calculations to which he had returned with fresh zest.

"James Nicoll is going to London. He must come through this; and, you know, he might ask Uncle John Nicoll's advice in London about your proposed investments."

Poor Mrs. Waddle! She had used an artifice, and in her earnestness to attain her purpose even seemed to enter into her husband's schemes. But, as so often in similar circumstances, she was singularly unfortunate. What she had intended for an argument and a plea became a trap and a snare. Of all things, Mr. Waddle least desired that Mr. John Nicoll should become acquainted with his speculations. Curiously enough, though Mr. Waddle saw no harm, but the opposite, in his plans, yet he instinctively felt how justly and indignantly Uncle Nicoll would denounce them. Besides, Graham had warned him by way of anticipation against the old school of brokers, who were not up to modern undertakings. Last, though by no means least, he did not want James Nicoll in the house; he did not wish the intimacy to continue; quite the opposite. He had now other plans, other views, other hopes and prospects for "Pussy." Was it not for her he was accumulating all that wealth—there on the paper? No, no! Mr. Waddle had been all that morning counting not only the eggs which lay for him in such speculative baskets as the Great Wheal Bang and the Patagonian mines, but the chickens which presumably were within these eggs; and not merely those chickens—no, not even when they had arrived at hen's estate—but the eggs which they in turn would lay, and the chickens that in turn would be hatched from them—and so on, till the concentrated cackling of that gigantic barnyard, and the proverbial difficulties of threading one's way through so many eggs, became far too great for ordinary powers of reasoning not to succumb to them.

And so Mrs. Waddle understood it, that she must not even mention the letter which "Pussy" had at breakfast deposited between her own teacup and that of her mother.

Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."—St. Luke xviii. 14.

TOGETHER, well: in prayer together, well: Well that they know and seek One LORD above: Well that they know Him or in wrath or love: And well that each should his heart's story tell— Then—all the difference 'twixt Heav'n and Hell In utterance and in access! So they prove If the world's spirit or the Eternal Dove For ban or benison within them dwell. One prays, and all his words are blatant pride, Not prayer, the deep sad cry for sinners meet; Not the confession at the Father's feet, Of him who passeth homeward justified! O'er one, Heaven darkens and his angel sighs, O'er th' other, jubilant anthems fill the skies.

YARDLEY OAK.

AND OTHER NOTABLE OAK-TREES.



YARDLEY OAK.

AMONG the posthumous poems of Cowper, there is one with the above title; which poem has many points of interest, both from the circumstances of its discovery by Hayley among his manuscripts (for it was never known he had written on the subject), the merits of the piece, and the high antiquity of the tree thus celebrated. "The copy that I had the delight of discovering," says Hayley, "is written on a loose half-quire of large quarto paper, with so many blotted lines and so many blank leaves that it might easily have been passed over as waste paper. I never saw any of his compositions more carefully or more judiciously corrected. It is impressed with all the marks of Cowper's most vigorous hand. It affords a striking exemplification of most of the excellences and defects of his peculiar style, and may be fairly quoted as an excellent specimen of his manner:—

"Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree, mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

Time made thee what thou wast—king of the woods!
And Time hath made thee what thou art, a cave
For owls to roost in! Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flock
That grazed it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe sheltered from the storm.

No flock frequents thee now ; thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth."

This oak stood at Yardley Lodge, between two and three miles from Weston, just beyond Killick and Dinglederry, mentioned in Cowper's "Needless Alarm." The poet thus writes in 1788 to his friend Samuel Rose :—" Since your departure I have twice visited the oak, and with an intention to push my inquiries a mile beyond it, where, it seems, I should have found another oak, much larger and much more respectable than the former; but once I was hindered by the rain, and once by the sultriness of the day. This latter oak has been known by the name of Judith many ages, and is said to have been an oak at the time of the Conqueror."

Mr. Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," mentions some oaks " which chronicle on their furrowed trunks ages before the Conquest." An older and more classic author, Mr. Evelyn, in his "Sylva," records that an oak cut down near Newberry, in Berkshire, was of such astonishing magnitude that its trunk ran fifty feet clear without a knot, and cut clean timber five feet square at its base ; its consort gave forty feet of clear straight timber, squaring four feet at its base, and nearly a yard square at its top. Dr. Hunter, in his edition of Evelyn's "Sylva," after describing a gigantic oak then in Sheffield Park, says : " Neither this nor any of the oaks mentioned by Mr. Evelyn, bears any proportion to one now growing at Cowthorpe, near Wetherley, in Yorkshire, the dimensions of which are almost incredible. Within three feet of the ground it measures sixteen yards, and close to the ground twenty-six yards. Its height in its present ruinous state (1776) is almost eighty-five feet, and its principal limb extends sixteen yards from the bole. Throughout the whole tree the foliage is extremely thin, so that the anatomy of the ancient branches may be distinctly seen in the height of summer. Compared to this, all other trees are but children of the forest." Dr. Hunter's description was good for the tree as it stood sixty years afterwards, but its subsequent history and its present condition we do not know.

In most parts of the country are ancient trees, famous in their localities. Gilbert White, in his ever fresh and charming "History of Selborne," celebrates the old oak of that classic village : " In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground, surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called the Plestor. In the midst of this spot stood, in olden times, a vast oak, with a short squat body, and huge horizontal arms, extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of some resort in summer evenings ; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again ; but all his care could not avail, the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention to show to what a bulk planted oaks also may arrive ; and planted this tree must certainly have been, as appears from what is known concerning the antiquities of the village."

Many parts of England can boast of gigantic or venerable oaks. Those of Windsor Forest and of Sherwood Forest are well known. Mr. Staunton, in his notes to Shakespeare, says : " With regard to Herne's Oak, the fact is now established that a family of the name of Herne was living at Windsor in the sixteenth century, one Gyles Herne being married there in 1569. The old tradition was that Herne, one of the keepers in the park, having committed an offence, for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever after haunted by his ghost.

" The earliest notice of this oak, since immortalised by Shakespeare, is in a 'Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and Little Park,' published at Eton in 1742. In the map, a tree marked 'Sir John Falstaff's Oak,' is represented as being on the edge of a pit (Shakespeare's fairy pit !) just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. The oak, a pollard, was described in 1780 as being twenty-seven feet in circumference, hollow, and the only tree in the neighbourhood into which the boys could get. Although in a rapid state of decay, acorns were obtained from it as late as 1783, and it would in all probability have stood the seath of time and shocks of weather, but that unfortunately it was marked down inadvertently in a list of decayed and unsightly trees which had been ordered to be destroyed by George III, and fell a victim to the woodman's axe in 1796."

Through the split trunk of one of the oaks in Robin Hood's county the writer, some years ago, remembers to have ridden, with good clear roadway ; and many wonderful trees were pointed out in the region of the Nottinghamshire "Dukeries." The Shire Oak, so named from its standing on a spot where the counties of Derby, Nottingham, and York join, is one of the largest in the kingdom, covering an area of seven hundred and seven square yards. The great oak in the Holt is also one of the very largest, measuring in circumference, at seven feet from the ground, thirty-four feet. It was computed by Mr. Marsham, of Stratton, near Norwich, an authority in such matters, to contain, at fourteen feet length, one thousand feet of timber. An oak is mentioned by Dr. Slott, in his History of Staffordshire, as standing at Rycote, in that county, which would overshadow with its boughs four thousand three hundred and seventy men. The circumference of one of the oaks at Ampthill Park, Bedfordshire, is upwards of forty feet at its base, and at its centre nearly thirty feet. It is hollow, and would admit four or five persons to stand upright within it. One branch equals some large trees in size. To this oak is affixed a plate with the following inscription :—

" Majestic tree, whose wrinkled form hath stood
Age after age, the patriarch of the wood !
Thou who hast seen a thousand sprigs unfold
Their ravelled buds, and dip their flowers in gold,
Ten thousand times yon moon relight her horn,
And that bright star of even gild the morn ;
Gigantic oak ! thy hoary head sublime,
Erewhile must perish in the wrecks of time.
Should round thy head innocuous lightnings shoot,
And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy steadfast root,
Yet shalt thou fall ; thy leafy tresses fade,
And those bare scattered antlers strew the glade ;

Arm after arm shall leave thy mouldering bust,
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust.
The muse alone shall consecrate thy name,
And by her powerful art prolong thy fame.
Green shall thy leaves extend, thy branches play,
And bloom for ever in the immortal lay."



SELSEA OAK.

These are rather commonplace lines, but express the feelings with which ordinary spectators view these venerable trees. Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, in more unusual strain thus addresses a blighted oak overmantled with ivy:—

"Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest sky,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay
Beneath Time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxurious ivy had grown,
And wreathed it in verdure no longer its own ?



CROUCH OAK, ADDLESTONE.

"Perchance thou hast seen this sight—and then,
As I at thy years might do,
Passed carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view;
But now I can draw from that perishing tree
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

"Oh ! smile not, nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought.
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Glory o'er the dying, and leaves o'er the dead ?"

So much for oaks still flourishing, or of which the living remains are to be seen. But the most wonderful oak ever known to have grown on English soil was probably that dug out of Hatfield Bog, a description of which was given in an early volume of the "Philosophical Transactions," and is quoted by Evelyn in his "Sylva." This tree was a hundred and twenty feet in length, twelve in diameter at the base, ten in the middle, and six at the smaller end when broken off; so that the butt for sixty feet squared seven feet of timber, and four its entire length.

In the "Sunday at Home" for September, 1873, a picture is given of a celebrated tree called traditionally Wycliffe's Oak, and sometimes Whitfield's Oak, and locally Crouch Oak, probably from the low crouching form of its chief branches. It is at the side of the road near Addlestone, in Surrey, and formerly marked the boundary of Windsor Forest in



CHAPEL OAK, ALONVILLE, NORMANDY.

this direction. Queen Elizabeth is said to have dined under its shade. The article in the "Sunday at Home" contains interesting notices of "Reformation Oaks" and of "Gospel Oaks," so named from the gospel of the day being read under them during processions on "gang days," and in perambulations in marking parish boundaries.

All the oaks we have referred to are British. But other countries have memorable or notable trees, one of which may be mentioned as it is indirectly associated with English history. At Alonville, in Normandy, there is an oak which is more than thirty-five feet round the trunk. Extreme age has destroyed all its interior. It is supported only by the outlayers and bark, though bursting into foliage in the summer. Within the hollow trunk a chapel has been formed, entered by a flight of steps. It

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is not impossible that under its shadow some of the Norman invaders may have met before the Conquest; as also Crusaders may have sung under its branches their exploits in the Holy Land.

THE LAND OF THE GIANT CITIES.

BY THE REV. W. WRIGHT, B.A., DAMASCUS.

IV.



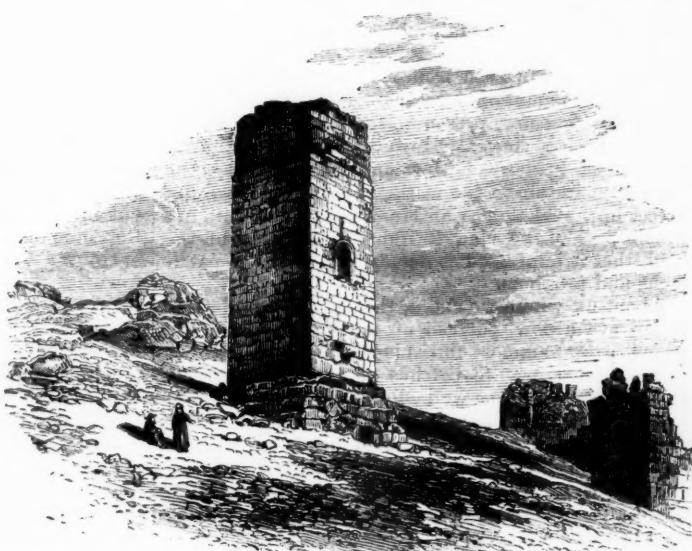
ROUND TOWER, SOUTH OF KHUBAB.

KHUBAB is a large Christian village, built on the two marginal waves of the Lejah. An old inscription in the neighbouring village Zobeireh, in which there is a reference to Britain, gives the ancient name of this village, which was Habiba. Khubab, or Habiba, an entirely Christian village, under a Christian sheikh, contrasts most favourably with the places we have last visited. The Druzes at Burak are a parcel of outlaws watching for the police, or their other natural enemies, the Arabs. The people of Musmeih are wild animals with a little clothes. They have a limited field for vicious practices—nobody worth a killing, and nothing to steal; but I have reason to believe that they have fair natural talents which would improve with opportunity and practice, for my companion dropped his rug from the saddle, and it disappeared among the rocks like a flash. Khubab is an agricultural village, wheeled round so far west from the Arabs as to be comparatively safe from their attacks; but sometimes the Arabs sweep over their fields, and sweep them clean

enough, and sometimes also they gut and ruin the village. There are a few houses in the village of the best Hauranic style, with the ceiling slabs ornamented, and these are solid enough to defy the Arabs. The villagers also hide their wheat in pits (*nawawis*) in the earth, which they stop and cover over with dung, rubbish, stones, etc., so that the Arabs do not always find their grain treasures, but they sometimes torture the sheikh to make him disclose these granaries, and they have refinements in cruelty worthy of Roman Catholic priests.

The men of Khubab labour in the fields during the seasons for labour, and during the remainder of the year they cut and dress basaltic millstones, which are rolled to Akka, and there shipped for the Egyptian market. The women spin and weave, and attend to household matters, and keep themselves comparatively clean. One of their occupations exclusively is kneading the cows' dung, and sticking it on the wall to dry for fuel. When dry these balls are gathered and stacked for winter use, as is done with peat in Ireland. There is not a shop in the town. Pedlars visit it with Manchester prints of brightest colours, Egyptian sugar, bracelets, etc., and get wheat, eggs, cheese, etc., in return for their merchandise.

I proclaim that we have books for sale, and the whole village turns out and swarms to our tent. These people have a sufficiency of curiosity, and curiosity sometimes leads to knowledge. We have a fair prospect of selling all our books at the first market; but the schoolmaster comes with a stick and drives away his pupils, and after him the priest arrives with great bluster and noise, and forces his flock back into the village. He declares that they have done sixty years without our Bible, and they will not permit it to enter among them. We are startled by hearing an almost Scripture expression drop from his passionate lips—"These people have



PALMYRENE MORTUARY TOWER.

turned the world upside down in Beyrouth and Damascus, and they are come here also." It is in vain I tell him he is rejecting God's book, and Christ's gospel,

and that already he has one of our Bibles on the altar of his church, for he is wrathful and inexorable, and he drives his flock away, but one of his lambs carries a Bible off without paying for it. The sheikh and another man come to our tent by night, Nicodemus-like, and eagerly buy two Bibles; and a pretty little bride, Feride—a *rara avis*—who had learnt German, and become a Protestant with the Prussian sisters at Beyrouth, buys from us a Bogatzsky's "Golden Treasury," but her husband, still under the yoke of the priest, compels her to return it on the morrow.

We spend Sunday here, and have a little conversation with most of the people, for they keep coming and going in a perpetual stream. Their questions and modes of thought are very interesting.

During the day we stroll up to the top of the chief ridge, on which the village was built. We stop beside a little graveyard in which women are swinging backwards and forwards and wailing for their dead. Each grave is walled up with a single-stone wall about four feet high, which tapers in towards the top. The district is cut up into little gardens and fields, and walled around with high walls which have no entrance. But in these enclosures there is neither soil nor shrub—nothing but the bare grey stones. If they were ever gardens or vineyards, both soil and roots have entirely disappeared. The country about the village is not so rocky and rugged as at Musmeih. The greatest waves of the lava stopped a mile east, leaving a ridge-like formation, on which stand two conspicuous towns that were finally destroyed by the Bedawin about six years ago.

Looking towards the Druze mountain, the great basaltic lake or plateau does not look so fearfully desolate as when seen from the north; patches of green, with yellow flowers, relieve the dreary scene. Between us and Mount Hermon there stretches a vast level sea of green growing corn, dappled with red fields left fallow; and here and there black villages, with white domes and tall minarets, rise like islands, and conical hills and low ranges of mountains prevent the green flat sea from running up sheer to the edge of the mountain. Hermon itself, streaked and zebraed with snow, presents from this point one of its finest side views. However modern vulgarity may affect to despise Hermon for not being the biggest mountain in the world, it is by far the finest object in the whole Syrian landscape; and we do not wonder, when we view it from all quarters of the land, that it impressed so deeply the minds of patriarchs and prophets.

About us, where we stand, the only signs of vegetation are a few patches of nettles and mallows, which grow among the blasted-looking desolate graves; but there are patches of green down below in the hollows, and as we look down on the village it presents a cheerful appearance—girls troop about in their bright Sunday dresses, and heads of families lie about in little grassy fields, with their children around them. The scene comes as near a picture of home life in a country village as anything I have seen in this country.

From the point where we stand we can count fourteen round towers in the Lejah, and a great number of mortuary tombs resembling in a small way the Palmyrene towers. Being once detained a day at Khubab in consequence of my horse having lost a shoe we visited the round tower due south of the

village, and succeeded in getting several good photographs of it. The tower stands near a fort at a well; it is built of basalt, and tapers from the base. The circumference one yard from the base is 68 feet; it has 37 layers of stone in it, the one with the other of which would be about a foot high each. The walls are 4 feet thick; the height of the door is 5 feet 5 inches, and its width 3 feet 3 inches. A central column of cylindrical stones supports a stone loft at the height of 14 feet, and a spiral staircase, the stones of which project from the wall, and are much worn by wear, ascend to the loft. We shall reserve our remarks on the object and use of these mysterious towers till we approach Orman, where we first, as we believe, found out their secret. Meantime we give an engraving from a photograph of the tower we examined, which, though not one of the largest, we take as a fair specimen. By its side, for comparison, we place one of the Palmyrene mortuary towers, which I found to be 111 feet high, and to contain *loculi* for 480 bodies. We also took a view of one of these towers as seen from a distance standing solitary on the plain of the Hauran. On our return from the tower we visited one of the ruins that are so numerous, and that no one thinks worthy of a visit. We chose Melihat Hezkin, inasmuch as no European, as far as we knew, had ever visited it. We reached it on foot in less than an hour, and on our way we got both partridge and quail. We met three women who were out gathering a kind of wild rape, which they cook and eat. We found the village just like all the other Hauran towns in a small way. The doors and ceilings and windows were stone. Each house, however, seemed to have more than the ordinary number of compartments. At one corner of the village, near the village tank or cistern, was a square tower 40 or 50 feet high, with a spiral staircase ascending to two stories. The upper floors were broken down, but enough remained to show the character of the building. The stones in the narrow streets were worn smooth, and the fireplaces showed signs of much use, but the place had been a long time utterly abandoned. At the northern corner, a little modern square building, domed over, contained the grave of Sheikh Hezkin, covered with a green cloth. Pilgrimages are made to the tomb, and each pilgrim leaves a staff stuck into the wall near the grave, so that the chamber is a magazine of staves. The only sign of life in the place was a solitary dove that flew out of the only tree in the village, which is that in the court of the mosque.

On the 7th of April, 1873, we start for Ezrá, a town on the margin of the Lejah due south. The morning is raw and cold, and yet women and boys hang about our tent. As we work our way once more to the coast-line, we only see pensive donkeys meditating among the black rocks—pictures of long-suffering misery. When we push out from the black shore the ground becomes covered with flowers; among others I see pink convolvulus, lilac mallows, yellow-hearted daisies, and scarlet pheasant's-eyes. We first pass through fenced and cultivated fields, much resembling parts in Ireland and Scotland, and soon we emerge on the broad unfenced plain, where the neighbours' landmarks, large black stones, show the boundaries of the different cultivators. Tibny is in front, on an eminence like most of the towns of this region. I gallop to the village, according to my custom, in advance of the cavalcade, shouting or singing something to bring the people out of their

dens. I find that the most effective cry on such occasions is "fresh haddock," with a County Louth accent, and as we are in character of pedlars, the cry is not very unbecoming. In Druze villages we try a stave of the Druze war song, and it not only brings the people around us, but puts them in good humour, as they are no doubt charmed with our style of singing it. The whole village comes out to meet us, and salutations over, I point to the colporteur, who is opening his boxes, and tell them that he has books for sale, God's books, and explanations of them by good and learned men. I then take an armful of books, and leaving the crowd around the boxes with the colporteur, I literally take a walk of the town, jumping from roof to roof, and saluting the people down in their courts, till I have a sufficient crowd around me, and then sitting down on an aged stone, I read them passages that seem to turn up by accident. I thus have an opportunity of seeing the whole town, and of offering our books to every soul in it. Sometimes the crowd becomes menacing, and then I become aggressive, and question them in such a manner as to turn their attention from me to themselves. When it becomes only a case of throwing "pearls before swine," I commence and purchase their old coins and medals like other travellers. Frankness, and good-temper, and firmness, carry one safely along, while a little swaggering, or assumption of mystery, would get us turned out of the village, and something more. I always return to the colporteur with an enormous following of savages—climbing over walls and houses, and swarming out of lanes and dens, and all converging towards the books. Here a widow with impressive eagerness buys a Bible for her son, who can read, and she not only pays for it, but pours blessings upon us for bringing it to her. "My son will read it to me, and I shall learn everything for myself," she exclaimed. Tibny, like most of the other towns, consists of two parts. The Roman official part, temple and all, is in ruins. The native inhabited part is on a mound of ruins, and is of more recent construction.

Leaving Tibny, we pass a number of men ploughing up the fallow ground. They refuse to buy our books on the plea that they have no money; but they have no desire to possess them. Five other villages similar to Tibny lie along our path. At Muhejjeh there are long Greek inscriptions and pieces of Greek sculpture, but the inhabitants are the most surly Moslems we have met. On the principle of offering our books to all, we urge them to buy, taking no notice of their churlishness. The women of Muhejjeh have their legs tattooed in pretty patterns, so that they seem to have on blue open-work stockings, through which the white skin appears. They wear their petticoats short, and tucked up, in order to show their ornamented legs. Shukra, in the midst of a red plain, turns out to be a Christian village; and we can see that Christianity, even in a very degraded form, has a thew and sinew that renders it superior to Islamism. The people seem alive, and eager to see and know. I find such people, as a rule, better than their priest. Here they buy books, but the priest steals one. I watch the priest with much interest stealing the book, but do not interfere with him, as I know that he can put an end to our selling if he chooses. In the accomplishment of his little purpose he buys a psalm-book, and shuffles it and a Bible together until he thinks no one sees him, when he slips the Bible to his wife, who carries it off to

the house under her apron. When he has the Bible secured he discovers mistakes in the psalm-book, and gets back his money. Shukra has also its Corinthian capitals lying about, and several Greek inscriptions built into the walls with the wrong side down. It has all the Hauranic characteristics of the other towns, and from its modern walls peep the eloquent fragments of a higher civilisation and more prosperous times.

Bearing to the left we enter Ezrá over a horrible path, partly Roman road, and partly the black basaltic rock worn smooth and slippery as polished steel. Ezrá is a large ruin, situated at the base of a rocky promontory, on the south-western corner of the Lejah. This ruin has recently been identified as the Edrei of Og, king of Bashan, but without sufficient reason, and contrary to overwhelming evidence. Edrei of Og was well known to the Greeks and Romans under the name Adraa, and this rendering of the Hebrew name in Greek corresponds to the rendering of other Shemitic names by the same people, especially in the bilingual inscriptions of Palmyra.* In Roman times, Adraa (Edrei) was one of the chief towns of the Arabian province, and, like Bosra, had liberty to coin its own money; and I have in my cabinet several imperial Greek coins struck at Adraa.† Now we are left in no hesitation as to the position of Adraa (Edrei), for Eusebius places it on the road to Capitolias and Gadara, twenty-five miles from Bosra, and the Peutinger tables place it twenty-four miles from Bosra in the same direction. Following the road that runs straight as an arrow from Bosra for twenty-four or twenty-five miles, we come upon an extensive ruin at the spot indicated by these two independent authorities. It is usually called Dera, but in classic Arabic it is Edhra, and the Bedawin, who retain the oldest pronunciation of places, call it Edra. There need not be the least doubt that this Edra is the Adraa of the Greeks, and Edrei of Og, king of Bashan; and in the interest of Biblical geography it is well to have its claims reasserted, and the claims of Ezrá exposed and set aside for ever. Let us look at the three reasons given for the identification of Ezrá as the Edrei of Og in opposition to Edra. First: *The situation.* It occupies "an impregnable site," whereas "Edra lies in the open country." To this we reply that the city Bosra was in the open country too, and in the open country became much more great and famous than Edrei. Besides, King Og was strong enough to live in a city in the plain. And when the Israelites "went up by the way to Bashan" (Deut. iii. 1), Og did not retreat to some impregnable stronghold, but went out to meet them confident of victory. Second: *The antiquity of the massive walls of the dwellings;* and the chief advocate of this theory acknowledges that the buildings may be "as old at least as the Roman dominion." The reply to this is obvious. Roman ruins, however massive, cannot be taken in evidence in the identification of the city of Og, king of Bashan. Third: *The correspondence of the Arabic name Edhra to the Hebrew name Edrei.* This is no reason, as it is founded in error. The Arabic name is not Edhra but Ezrá, as I have taken pains, in conjunction with Arabic scholars, to verify.

It was not up here, then, among the rocky fast-

* De Vogüé, "Inscr. Palmyr.," p. 4.

† On the reverse of one is the uncouth figure of an enormous giant, a lingering tradition of Og.

nesses of Bashan, that the giant leader and his host were overcome by the hosts of the Lord, but down yonder on the plain, as the Israelites "went up by the way to Bashan." We must not, however, overlook the testimony of the ancient tourist in these parts, for his vanity often led him to write the name of his city in conjunction with his own name. "Thus I, Smith of Birmingham," etc., or "We, the Smiths of Birmingham, erect this monument at our own expense," etc. On this question Smith's evidence is conclusive. Now Smith declares, with *cutting* emphasis and constant repetition, that the name of the place in Greek and Roman times was not Edhra or Adraa, but ZORAVA. The name of the city Zorava stands as conspicuous as a signboard on two large stones near the minaret, and engraved on the walls of the two churches—St. Elias and St. George. Og, king of Bashan, was one of our earliest and tallest friends. He and his wondrous bedstead had a large place in our imaginations ere we heard of "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Giant Despair." We owed his giantship a small debt of gratitude, and we have now paid it by restoring our tall and ancient friend to his own city and rightful inheritance.*

PROFESSOR JOHN PHILLIPS.

SAD it is that we shall see John Phillips no more. For five-and-forty years we have been accustomed to see his genial face and hear his cheery voice at the meetings of the British Association. Few, alas! now survive of the early members of the parliament of science. Brewster, Sedgwick, Murchison, Phillips, all but lately gone, formed a group of veterans such as we are not likely to see again. But the continuity of scientific distinction is not broken, and we only hope that new generations will inherit the spirit as well as add to the knowledge of their predecessors, the fathers and founders of the British Association.

As long ago as 1865 we gave in the "Leisure Hour" a memoir of Professor Phillips, with a full account of his life and labours. The closing sentences of that memoir thus referred to his published works and to his personal character:—

"These works are the result of a lifetime of continuous and unwearied labour in the prosecution of his chosen studies, and entitle the author, although he may be surpassed by others in particular attainments, to be regarded as the most accomplished geologist of his time." And as to the character of the man:—"We have never met with any man of more amiable disposition and greater simplicity of character, or of whom it would be so difficult to say anything *nisi bonum*. Honours have been heaped upon him, but they must have come unsolicited and unbought; he never took part in any factious controversy, and we are quite sure he would never have competed for any prize."

The sad accident which deprived us of Phillips on the 24th of April this year was heard of with universal sorrow. His death was sudden, but he had attained the age of seventy-three, and no man in Oxford was more prepared than he was. From more than one of his most intimate friends we have had gratifying communications, one of which, from the

Savilian Professor of Astronomy, we have asked permission to give.

In the "Athenaeum" of May 2 there was given a charming fragment of autobiography, which Phillips had, in 1866, drawn up. Portions of it we have seen, but the writer of the obituary notice says that the complete notes had not been published before.

"I was born on the happy Christmas Day, 1800, at Marden, in Wiltshire, the moment being noted by my father with the exactitude suited to a horoscope. He was the youngest son of a Welsh family, settled for very many generations on their own property at Blaen-y-ddol, in Carmarthenshire, and some other farms near it. In their possessions, much reduced from their ancient extent, my grandfather died in the beginning of this century. My father, born in 1769, was trained for the Church, in which some of his relations had place; but this plan was not carried out. He came to England, was appointed an Officer of Excise, and married the sister of dear old William Smith, of Churchill, in Oxfordshire.

"My first teachings were under his eye, and I may say hand, for he now and then employed the *argumentum baculinum*—though very gently. But he died when I was seven years old; my mother soon after; and my subsequent life was under the friendly charge of my great relative, a civil engineer in full practice, known as 'Strata Smith.'

"When I was nine years of age, my uncle Smith took me by the hand, while walking over some corn-brash fields near Bath, and showed me the pentaacritine joints. He afterwards immersed them in vinegar to show the extrication of carbonic acid, and the flotation or 'swimming' of the fossils.

"Before my tenth year I had passed through four schools, after which I entered the long-forgotten, but much to be commended, old school at Holt Spa, in Wiltshire. Lately I rode through the village, and was sorry to find the place deprived of all that could be interesting to me. At Holt School a small microscope was given to me, and from that day I never ceased to scrutinize with magnifiers, plants, insects, and shells. In after-life this set me on making lenses, microscopes, telescopes, thermometers, barometers, electrophori, anemometers, and every kind of instrument wanted in my researches.

"When you see me now, *χαλεπῶς βασιλεύων*, tired with the ascent of Gea Fell, and the rough path to the Zmütt Glacier, you will hardly credit me as the winner of many a race, and the first in many a desperate leap. My work at this school was incessant for five years. I took the greatest delight in Latin, French, and Mathematics, and had the usual lessons in drawing. We were required to write a good deal of Latin, especially our Sunday Theme—of such I wrote many for my idle associates. I worked through Moles's Algebra and Simpson's Euclid, the two first books completely, and selections of the others. The French master was a charming old Abbé, a *réfugié*, whose patience and good-nature and perseverance were quite above praise. We spoke and wrote French in abundance. Of Greek, I learned merely the rudiments, to be expanded in after-life. I did not work at German till some years later: Italian I merely looked at.

"From the tragedies and comedies of school, I passed to a most pleasant interlude, by accepting a twelvemonths' invitation to the home of my ever-honoured friend, the Rev. Benjamin Richardson, of Farleigh Castle, near Bath, one of the best naturalists

* In this question I agree with Burckhardt, Wetstein, and Waddington. The invaluable work of the latter is conclusive on this subject, but it is beyond the reach of the public.

in the West of England, a man of excellent education, and a certain generosity of mind, very rare and very precious. Educated in Christ Church, he retained much of the undefinable air of a gentleman of Old Oxford, but mixed with this there was a singular attachment to rural life and farming operations. Looking back through the vista of half a century, among the ranks of my many kind and accomplished friends, I find no such man; and to my daily and hourly intercourse with him, to his talk on plants, shells, and fossils, to his curiously rich old library, and sympathy with all good knowledge, I may justly attribute whatever may be thought to have been my own success in following pursuits which he opened to my mind.

"From the Rectory at Farleigh, where science and literature were seen under colours most attractive to youth, I was transferred, by the good old Bath coach, to my uncle Smith's large house, which looked out on the Thames from the eastern end of Buckingham Street. Here a kind of life awaited me which, remembered at this long distance of time, excites sometimes my wonder, at other times my amusement, not seldom regret, but always my thankfulness. Here was a man in the exercise of a lucrative and honourable profession, who had for many years given every spare moment and every spare shilling to the execution of that vast work, the 'Map of the Strata of England and Wales.' After that was published, in 1815, he continued his labours in more detail, and issued twenty-one English County Maps, coloured geologically, after personal examination in each district. His home was full of maps, sections, models, and collections of fossils; and his hourly talk was of the laws of stratification, the succession of organic life, the practical value of geology, its importance in agriculture, engineering, and commerce, its connection with physical geography, the occupations of different people, and the distribution of different races. In this happy dream of the future expansion of geology, his actual professional work was often forgotten, until at length he had thrown into the Gulf of the Strata all his little patrimony and all his little gains; and he gave up his London residence and wandered, at his own sweet will, among those rocks which had been so fatal to his prosperity, though so favourable to his renown. In all this contest for knowledge, under difficulties of no ordinary kind, I had my share. From the hour I entered his house in London, and for many years after he quitted it, we were never separated in act or thought. In every drawing or calculation which his profession required, in every survey for canal or drainage, or colliery or mine, I had my share of work; for every book, map, and tour, my pencil was at his command. And thus my mind was moulded on his. And it seemed to be my destiny to mix, as he had done, the activity of a professional life with the interminable studies of geology.

"Thus passed the time till the spring of 1824, when, by the invitation of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, then lately established, my uncle went to York to deliver a course of lectures on Geology, and I was his companion. This was the crisis of my life. From that hour the acquisitions I had made in Natural History and 'Fossils,' as we then termed the magnificent branch of study now known as Palaeontology, brought me perpetual engagements in Yorkshire to arrange museums, and give lectures on their contents to members of literary

and philosophical societies. In this manner most of the Yorkshire towns which were active in promoting museums of Natural History and Geology were repeatedly visited: York, Scarborough, Hull, Leeds, and Sheffield, became centres of most valuable friendships; and the great county, in which thirty thoughtful years were afterwards passed, became known to me as probably to no others. The generous Yorkshire people gave no stinted remuneration for my efforts to be useful, and I employed freely all the funds which came to my hands, in acquiring new and strengthening old knowledge, so as to be able to offer instructions in almost any department of Nature, but especially in Zoology and Geology.

"By degrees Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Newcastle, and other places, offered me advantages of the same kind as those which always welcomed me at home; and when, in 1831, the British Association was formed, my circle of operations had reached the University College, London, then under the wardenship of Mr. Leonard Horner. At this time I had been resident in York for five years, having the care of the Yorkshire Museum and the office of Secretary of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. In this capacity it was my good fortune to be associated with Mr. W. V. Harcourt, the first President of that Society, and to assist in the establishment of the great Association which he had so large a share in organising, with Brewster, J. Forbes, Johnston, Murchison, and Daubeny. After this the whole book of my life has been open for the public to read. Educated in no college, I have professed Geology in three Universities, and in each have found this branch of science firmly supported by scholars, philosophers, and divines."

The late Professor, like Faraday, seldom introduced references to religion in matters of science. But he nevertheless did good service to the cause of revelation. Nowhere in his numerous writings do we find scorn for the doctrine of final causes, the exposition of God's attributes in creation, or for the proofs of a personal Creator afforded by design; but, on the contrary, reverent acknowledgment of the wisdom and goodness of God. In his little work on the Origin and Succession of Life, he says: "We have found all nature, organic and inorganic, to be harmoniously combined in mutual dependence; the worlds of matter and of life linked together by peculiar associations, which endure through long time amid varying phenomena, all suggestive of appointed succession and definite purpose." Nowhere in the Professor's works do we find any countenance given to a theory which removes the Creator to an indefinite distance, as it were, from his works in time, practically ignoring his presence; but, on the contrary, the recognition of a personal omnipresent God. Summarising in review the whole phenomena of life, he says of man: "When he surveys this vast and co-ordinate system, and inquires into its history and origin, can he be at a loss to decide whether it be a work of Divine thought and wisdom, or the fortunate offspring of a few atoms of matter, warmed by the *anima mundi*, a spark of electricity, or an accidental ray of sunshine" (p. 217).

Nowhere do we find any attempt to set aside Scripture; but, on the contrary, Revelation is assumed to be a true basis of knowledge. Nowhere amid his well-balanced sentences do we find any judgment in favour of uniformitarianism, as against miracle; but, on the contrary, he commences his discussion with

the proposition that the phenomena of life had a definite origin in time, and therefore a supernatural origin, according to the Scriptures. His studies did not lead him into the department of direct theology, but he held in reverence both the science itself and its disciples, as dealing with matters higher than his own beloved geology. He says: "Life appears in all the habitable spaces of the land, sea, and air, filling each with beings capable of enjoying their own existence, and of ministering to the bodily wants and intellectual longings of the one observing and reflecting being to whom God has committed the wonderful gift of thoughts which reach back beyond the origin of his race, and stretch forward to a brighter futurity" (p. 8).

In later days he showed a growing tenderness of spirit, and appeared to be increasingly attracted by considerations of eternity. He evidently thought himself to be within, as it were, the penumbra of the vast shadow projected by the future into the present.

The volume of nature gives no light on the subjects most affecting man's eternal welfare. It is in the volume of Revelation that life and immortality are brought to light, and John Phillips was a sincere and humble believer in the Gospel of Christ.

We add the letter of Professor Pritchard:—

"You ask me for a few particulars regarding my friend Professor Phillips? In connection with such a man, I shrink from using the word 'late.' I am not sure that it is wholly consistent with Christian faith, but I am sure that the thought of the man, the image of the man's mind, is as present to me at this moment as it ever was when we so often took our pleasant walk together from the house of God in company.

"It was palpable to any one who knew Phillips well, that he was a man who had been built up by a long and careful self-discipline. He must have made up his mind, at an early period, as to what sort of a man he intended to be. Hence there was a remarkable evenness, not to say an unconscious cautiousness, in his demeanour which I never saw forsake him. Always cheerful, playful, thoughtful, brimful of kindness of heart, he rarely failed to engage at once the goodwill, and eventually the confidence, of all who came into his society. In his seventy-fourth year he retained the mental elasticity of youth.

"We have often and often in our walks discussed the ways and the works of the famous scientific men of our generation, but I never on any one occasion heard him express himself otherwise than with singular charity. We all know the versatility of his mind; that, perhaps, is the usual characteristic of really great men. As for himself, if he had not been an eminent geologist, he would have become an equally eminent astronomer. As it was, he was among the first to photograph the moon with success, and he mapped out a considerable portion of the configuration of the planet Mars; he was great also at sun-spots. He was one of the very first, among the very few, who mastered the practical principles of terrestrial magnetism. But notwithstanding all his accurate and extended knowledge of nature in all her moods, he preserved an unaffected modesty, and never obtruded his knowledge upon others unsought. Perhaps I ought not to have used this word *notwithstanding*, and I ought to have said that, because Phillips was truly learned, therefore he was unaffectedly modest. I have more than once heard him thank a person who was intellectually his in-

terior for the instruction which he had given him. Phillips was essentially a devout man. He said that he made it a point of conscience to attend with regularity the university service at St. Mary's; and, in these days of young England's scepticism, it was a suggestive sight to see that well-known venerable head of his, always punctually in the one place which he had selected there. Nor was it less suggestive in the same direction, that next to him, and with equal punctuality, sat a friend of his as eminent in his own line of science as Phillips was in geology. The old and sacred spell of the companionship is broken at length, broken for a few short years, soon to be renewed for ever.

"There was a pleasant tale told me the other day by an eminent professor in another university, which, as being characteristic in more ways than one, may be interesting for you to know. A few years ago, Phillips accompanied a party of intelligent men, including the gentleman alluded to, and one of the most eminent of the Oxford professors, their object being a pleasant geological excursion for a day or two in the neighbourhood of Malvern. On the Sunday the whole party attended divine service in the Abbey church. After the service Phillips requested his Malvern friends to wait half an hour, when he would rejoin them in their walk. Our friend and his brother professors had stayed for the Communion.

"Such is some little glimpse of the eminent and good Professor, whose bodily presence Oxford has lost. What the man himself was, and what he did, cannot be lost; they survive and in various forms must reappear for years and years to come; happily, the conservation of moral force is an ordinance for man."

THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIII.—INTERVIEW WITH THE MANDARIN.

THE knowledge that A-Lee and her father were Christian converts caused me to inquire of the interpreters at the embassy where and what missions were in Peking. They said that there were no Protestant missions established in the city, but steps were being taken to do so, according to an article in the treaty. There were, however, four Roman Catholic establishments, distributed in the north, south, east, and west quarters of the Tartar city. These missions were conducted by two abbés, eight foreign, and nine Chinese priests, under the supervision of a French bishop. They said that there were no less than five thousand hereditary Christians in Peking, who could trace back their conversion to the time when the Jesuits held high office under Government, more than one hundred and fifty years before. Few proselytes had of late been made, but since the treaty indications of greater success were becoming more apparent. No women were allowed to attend the churches, the missionaries being compelled thus far to yield to national custom and prejudice. Six meeting-houses, however, had been established in different parts of the city, where the female Christians assembled, and had service read to them by priests detailed for the purpose.

On my next visit to the mandarin I inquired to what church he belonged, and found that he was a member of the Greek Church, established by the Russians in Peking two hundred years ago. He said,

"During all that time the Archimandrites and other members of the mission have always been upon amicable terms with the authorities, who have tolerated our form of religion, while there has always been a bad feeling existing towards the Roman Catholic bishops and priests; and it is even now with the greatest reluctance that the Government have consented to restore the grounds formerly belonging to the Jesuits."

"Can you account for this difference in tolerating one sect and not the other of the same religion?"

"That I can. Simply because the Roman Catholic missionaries have interfered with the rights of the state, while the ecclesiastics of the Greek Church have confined their operations entirely to the propagation of the Christian faith. The former have always endeavoured to screen their converts from justice when they have broken Chinese laws, for the purpose of making proselytes, no matter if they be criminals or political offenders; whereas the latter have never done so, but freely delivered up any delinquent converts who thought they were shielded from punishment while under the protection of the missionaries. You will see then, honourable sir, that the Jesuits have themselves to blame for the persecutions they have undergone."

I was surprised to find Meng-kee well acquainted with the differences between the Christian sects whose missionaries were endeavouring to propagate the gospel in China; and equally surprised to learn that the Government were so tolerant towards the Russian missionaries. Moreover, I had been under the impression that no mandarin could hold office while professing any foreign religion, and I consequently questioned Meng-kee on that point.

"You are so far correct," he said, "as to professors of the Roman Catholic faith being found among the official class, for I know of none. In Peking almost all the converts of that mission are tradespeople, especially watchmakers and their families, whose ancestors were taught the business by the Jesuits. On the other hand, those among the mandarins who are Christians belong to the Greek Church. Hence I, and most of my kindred you met the other night, who are officials and members of the Greek Church, are never brought to task by our superiors; excepting they suspect"—here the mandarin spoke in a whisper—"that any of us sympathise with the Taipings."

On saying this his features assumed the anxious expression which I had observed before when he made inquiries as to their movements in the south. "You seem to have a feeling of uneasiness in mentioning these rebels," I said to him.

"Well, I did not think you would observe it, but since you have said so, I will candidly tell you in confidence, honourable sir, that I am suspected, and consequently have fallen under the displeasure of my superiors. The fact is, I who, from my long services, am entitled to one of the highest posts on the Board of Rites, have been for years kept in a subordinate position, while younger men, less experienced, have been promoted over my head, because they are pure Confucianists, upholding no other doctrines than those promulgated by the great sage."

Here was a fresh piece of secret information divulged, giving me a further insight into the mandarin's character and position. It was evident that he was a disappointed man in his expectations of promotion, and it was such persons who joined the

insurrectionary cause against the corrupt Tartar government. Evidently he was a man of strong convictions, and felt keenly the slight put upon him because he was a Christian. While these thoughts flashed through my mind, A-Lee came in, having just returned from a visit to some of her friends.

"Welcome again, my noble defender," she said, clasping my hand; "I have lost the pleasure of your visit by being absent, but I had to go and see the presents a young friend of mine has received on the eve of her marriage."

"Is she to be married after the Chinese manner?" I asked; "if so, I should like to witness it."

"Yes," replied Loo A-Lee; "and you may come with my father to witness the ceremony."

"That you may do," said Meng-kee; "and though we do not follow them in the nuptial rites of our Christian communion, yet I am not so prejudiced as to refuse attending the marriage of any of my friends whose parents differ from me on these points."

"I shall be glad to go with you," I answered, "and have the forms of the ceremony explained. In the meantime, tell me what are the preliminary arrangements, and how the young couple are betrothed."

"The preliminaries of betrothal and marriage," replied Meng-kee, "are more complicated than those practised in your country, or by us Chinese Christians. Instead of the young people meeting each other and proposing, the business is conducted by the parents and by professional matchmakers. When the father or elder brother has resolved upon a young man of the family being married, they send for a *mei-jin*, or go-between. This person is instructed to proceed to the house where the lady resides to whom they wish this relative to be married. He states his errand, and if her father is willing that the match should take place, he inquires the maiden name of the young lady, and the day and hour of her birth, which are all duly registered. These are submitted to a diviner, who compares the eight characters which compose the name and date of birth with those of the young man, and thus ascertains whether the marriage will be a happy one or not. When these things are settled favourably, the other preliminaries of the marriage are proceeded with. The second step consists of the go-between being sent back to the house of the lady to announce that the alliance will be a felicitous one, and request a promise of marriage. This form is called 'delivering the happy tidings.' The third step is the procuring of a written promise of marriage from the young woman's parents. This being obtained, the bridegroom sends pieces of silk, gold, silver, wine, or fruit, according to his circumstances, to the friends of his espoused wife. The fifth step is a message to request that her parents will fix a day for the marriage; and finally, when the time has arrived, the bridegroom goes in person to fetch his bride home to his father's house, where the marriage ceremony is performed."

"And does he not see his intended wife before the wedding-day?"

"No," replied Meng-kee; "or it is considered he has not."

"Ah, but, father," said A-Lee, "they manage somehow to do so, by bribing the go-betweens."

"Well," said I, "I should not like to take my chance in that way. I should like to see and converse with my future wife before the bonds of matrimony were tied."

Varieties.

PORCHES FOR THE PEOPLE.—Are we not still behind the old Greeks, and the Romans of the Empire likewise, in the amount of amusement and instruction, and even of shelter, which we provide for the people? Recollect the—to me—disgraceful fact, that there is not, as far as I am aware, throughout the whole of London, a single portico or other covered place, in which the people can take refuge during a shower; and this in the climate of England! Where they do take refuge on a wet day the publican knows but too well; as he knows also where thousands of the lower classes, simply for want of any other place to be in, save their own sordid dwellings, spend as much as they are permitted of the Sabbath day.—*Canon Kingsley.*

HIGHLANDS EMIGRATION.—“In these days of poverty every man was content to live like his neighbours, and never wandering from home, saw no life preferable to his own; except at the house of the laird, or the laird’s nearest relations, whom he considered as a superior order of beings, to whose luxuries or honours he had no pretensions. But the end of this reverence and submission seems now approaching. The Highlanders have learned that there are countries less bleak and barren than their own, where instead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labour. Great numbers have been induced by this discovery to go, every year for some time past, to America.”—*Dr. Johnson, 1773.*

LUTHER’S DEFECTS.—Was Luther, then, a perfect character? No, a very imperfect one. He was a sincere Christian, but not a mature one. He was given to see some truths and to attain to some virtues, in such degree as few others have been; but the completeness of the Christian character—its symmetry—certainly was not his. A good many fruits of the Spirit were wanting in him. Meekness, long-suffering, gentleness, these were not his; and without these a man cannot be a model man. Luther was an instrument fitted for his work, but not a pattern for all time. He had, too, considerable mental weaknesses, as I think. His writings are not altogether possessions for posterity; they are truly straightforward and emphatically practical; but they, for the most part, aspire to only immediate usefulness, and they attain to little more than they aspire to. They are not consistent one with another, and they are not safe guides for this age, though they were the best for his own. Luther was not a patient man, and none but a patient man can be a good theologian. Wherever Luther goes beyond the plain letter of Scripture, it appears to me that he goes astray; wherever he theorises, he had better be silent; when he is betrayed in Philistine ground—that is, into philosophical—he loses his strength, and becomes much as other men. The scientific intellect and philosophic temper did not shine out in him at all. He was an admirable advocate, but the judicial (which is the highest) was not his. His views of great questions have all that compactness and manageableness which is the consequence and the convenience of narrowness; but the significance of the Gospel as a whole was not clear to him. The mysteries of the universe pressed but lightly upon him. He cut every knot. A rough, strong, practical grasp of things contented him. He had few scruples and no fears. He would dogmatise more than he had need to do, and thus was obliged to accept consequences which he might have avoided. He saw some things far off vividly, and others close by, through eagerness, not at all. The shortest practicable way to a point he had in view, that he saw, and with his gigantic mode of striding it little mattered what kind of ground lay between it and him; firm or boggy, turnpike or trespass, over it he would go, and went. Such an one I will not blame; but I dare not follow.—*Myer’s Lectures on Great Men.*

EUCHARIS AMAZONICA CULTURE.—This is one of the best flowering plants we can grow for all first-class purposes, either for the decoration of the dinner-table, the bouquet, or for ladies’ hair. The treatment I give is as follows:—By the middle of February my plants will be out of bloom, then any that require it will be repotted; the soil composed of turfy loam and good leaf mould in equal parts, and one part rotten cow dung, with a little silver sand, and it will be better if a little charcoal be added. Mix these well together. Place a little of the coarsest of the soil on the crocks, then fill about half full. Select five good sound bulbs, placing four at equal distances round the edge of the pot and one in the centre, fill up with soil, potting rather firmly. Give a gentle watering through a fine rose with

tepid water, and place the pots in a light, airy position in the stove. If the pots can be stood on bottom heat all the better. Let them remain there till May-day, then take them to a warm greenhouse, keeping them rather dry, and let them have the benefit of a good scorching sun. This is a very important point. June 1st, take them back again to the stove, gradually giving more water, and it will be very strange indeed if you do not soon see the bloom spikes coming up from amongst the bulbs. Once they are seen, this is the time to give liquid manure, but not before. After blooming this time let the plants remain in the stove till the middle of August, then take them again to their country seat for about six weeks, giving them the benefit of all the sun they can have; after which they must be again taken to the stove and treated as before, and about Christmas you will have a good stock of blooms to cut from. This is all I can promise. I hear of some gardeners blooming them three times a year, but I think it only occurs accidentally now and then—it may be a retarded bloom; but to bloom the same bulb three times a year is more than I can promise, and I think is not practicable. The important points are—1st, To mix the soil well together. 2ndly, Not to give too much pot-room, but to choose pots according to the size of the bulbs. Like all other plants, they bloom best when the pot becomes full of roots. 3rdly, Place a little moss over the crocks before putting in the soil, thereby keeping the drainage good. 4thly, After fresh potting be sparing of water until growth has commenced, or you may rot your bulbs. 5thly, Give them the full benefit of the sun as directed. 6thly, Do not give liquid manure until the bloom spikes appear, and do not put the plants in a corner after flowering.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

SERFDOM IN SCOTLAND.—Robert Chambers, in his “Domestic Annals,” relates the following story told by the late Robert Bald, a mining engineer. He had gone on a visit to the owner of the Clyde Ironworks, and heard a conversation between him and a miner named Mess Nook. “Mess Nook,” said his employer, “you don’t appear from your style of speaking to be of this part of the country; where do you originally come from?” “Oh, sir,” answered Mess Nook, “do you not know that your father brought me here long ago from M’Nair’s, of the Green? Your father used to have merry meetings with Mr. M’Nair, and one day he saw me and took a liking to me. At the same time Mr. M’Nair had taken a fancy to a very nice pony belonging to your father; so they agreed on the subject, and *I was raffled away for the pony*. That’s the way I came here.” The man had, in short, been a slave, and was exchanged for a pony. The Scottish colliers, coal-bearers, and salters were not fully emancipated till 1799, when an Act was passed for the purpose.

DESPONDENCY.—The gloomy reflections made on your birthday are a proof that the best men never please themselves, and the bad men please any but themselves. I knew your horror of presumption, and your idea that the fearing Christian is most in the favour of Heaven; but recollect than Honest and Hopeful got over the river better than Christian and Much-afraid in the “Pilgrim’s Progress;” and our children say they do not perceive that the others were better received when they had crossed the river.—*Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson.*

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—“There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,585 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England, London, 314; Provinces, 915—total England, 1,229; Wales, 58; Scotland, 149; Ireland, 131; British Isles, 13. Of these, there are 95 daily papers published in England, 2 in Wales, 14 in Scotland, 17 in Ireland, and 2 in British Isles. On reference to the edition of this useful Directory for 1854, we find the following interesting facts—viz., that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 624 journals; of these 20 were issued daily—viz., 16 in England, 1 in Scotland, and 3 in Ireland; but in 1874 there are now established and circulated 1,585 papers, of which no less than 130 are issued daily, showing that the Press of the country has very greatly extended during the last twenty years, and more especially so in daily papers, the daily issues standing 130 against 20 in 1854. The magazines now in course of publication, including the Quarterly Reviews, number 639, of which 242 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.”—*Newspaper Press Directory for 1874.*

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